

till there was you by Val-Creative

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Max M.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Max M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-07-28 18:12:01

Updated: 2019-07-28 18:12:01

Packaged: 2019-12-12 18:31:56

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 486

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: (Episode 3-centric.) Hopper walks in on El and Max kissing.

till there was you

.

.

There's abyssal space between them. Like the blackness, and the wet. Where El saw people turn to vaporizing, colorless ash.

El doesn't know how to step *closer*, to explore Max's perspective on life and sync her frequency.

She's alive. So, *so* alive.

Max's fingers dance along her keys shining silver and bronze and gold on their way back to Hopper's cabin. El keeps her eyes to Max's pale, freckled fingers spinning, winding her keys midair, and El's heart attempts to gain that momentum. To *fly* from her chest.

She wants to dance alongside Max, flashing and shining. *Noticed*.

Like how Max's eyes roam over El's face. They're lying stomach-first to the wooden floorboards, breathing in, out, together now — El feeling a pair of soft, chapped lips on hers.

There's no Mike. There's no anyone but *Max*, and her hair smelling like coconut and sunscreen, and her lashes to El's cheek.

A giggly, shy noise escapes El. Max giggles too.

"*THREE INCHES!*" Hopper bellows, slamming open El's bedroom door. "*I SAID IT A MILLION TIMES*—oh," he hesitates, taking in the sight of both girls on the floor. El's flushed-pink mouth separating quickly from Max's own. Nobody moves. El doesn't know what will happen if she tries to.

The previous rage and tension drains from Hopper's features.

"You're not Mike."

"Nope," Max announces, propping up her comic book. Unbothered by

getting caught *tongue-kissing* Hopper's daughter.

Hopper nods unconvincingly, his eyebrows raising up his forehead.

"Oh," he repeats blankly and to no one in particular, gripping on the doorknob once more. Shutting El's door. In another five seconds, Hopper marches back in, dumbfounded.

"... .. I thought you were dating Mike."

"I'm not dating anyone," El tells him quietly, trying to contain her amusement while watching as Hopper tries to process this.

"Good... that's good," he finally answers, dazed, shutting El's bedroom door.

Silence follows. El realizes there's space, and walls around her, and she gets closer without thinking, rolling on her back and forgetting everything else. Nothing else matters. Max tosses back her orangish curls, holding the side of El's face possessively and whispering something over her, their mouths fumbling to touch. To kiss.

Touching Max feels... *alive*.

So, so alive.

.

.

Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by stxrdrifter (AO3): "her fingers danced along the keys as the other girl watched, her heart attempting to fly from her chest." I thought about piano keys but it seemed too predictable. So I messed around with the idea a little. I hope you guys love it! Elmax is wonderful! And as always, I really appreciate any thoughts/comments from someone reading my fic and I'm gonna say in advance you are the reason why the fanfic community lives. Thank you.